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MAJOR TRUEFITT ON SOME OF HIS ACQUAINTANCE.

I most sincerely wish that some of my acquaintance were a little less good-natured. Their hospitality and complaisance are very pleasant things in their way, and as the object of them, I am bound to be grateful. But I am at the same time free to declare, that I suffer far more serious troubles from my good-natured friends than from any other class. The fact is, I can scarcely afford to keep up amicable relations with good-natured people. They cause demands upon both my time and money far too great to be at all convenient.

One of my most serious plagues is the ultra-amiable Mrs Greenway. She is, not from vanity, but from pure kindness of heart, a universal patroness. She has never less than three charitable subscriptions upon her hands. One day she attacks you in behalf of a young and rising poet; another, for a distinguished, but unfortunate artist's widow; a third, for some refugee Italian or Pole. She gathers money to promote the cause of temperance, and is treasurer to a society for encouraging humanity to donkeys, by prizes distributed annually among their keepers. I wish she would remember that there are such things as taxes and poor-rates—that, among her charities, she would remember the onerous responsibilities of poor householders. I appreciate the goodness of her intentions, and sympathise in most of her objects—did I not do so, I should be comparatively safe from her inroads—but I at the same time feel that she causes herself and friends to bear rather more than their proper share of the duties of philanthropy. And, anyhow, my half-pay suits ill with the eternal hemorrhage to which she subjects me.

It is not of the least consequence in the case, but it is an amusing circumstance which I may advert to, by way of extracting some little compensation from the cause of my sufferings, that none of my friends of the Greenway class can bear each other's objects. A collecting lady for the Female Local Auxiliary to the Central Patriotic Society for promoting the Improvement of Cottage Gardens, will be found to have a most inadequate sense of the importance of the Fund for the Conversion of the Pope and his Cardinals, and *vice versa*. A Clothing Society hates a Soup Society; and so forth. Nay, a Mrs Greenway, when once in the full ardour of some particular mission, will regard with something like jealousy the exactly similar mission of one of her own class. The benevolent Miss Grace Gentle came to her one day, begging for a singularly deserving Pole, and found her shut up in perfect adamant, in consequence of her having a Pole of her own at that moment in hands. 'Well, but, Mrs Greenway, this Pole of

mine is a deserving, sober man, with a wife and two children! You surely must give something.' 'Oh, but my Pole is an equally sober, deserving man, with a wife and four children! I really can't give you a farthing.'

After all, the money-collecting habits of my good-natured friends do not present them in their most dangerous aspect. I dread them a good deal more in their practice as obtainers of employment and situations for their protégés. It does not seem ever to occur to them, that for all employments and places a certain amount of qualification is necessary; otherwise a person must be in a false position, and a discomfort to himself and all connected with him. My friend Mollitor recommends you a governess who does not know how to speak grammatically, and, if allowed, will send you a teacher of the piano who barely understands the notes. Enough for him that these persons are poor and in need. He gives plausible and telling certificates in favour of people who have been tried and found wanting in twenty situations. He sees but their wants. The vexation and trouble that is to befall the party imposed upon by the recommendation, is comparatively a remote consideration, and therefore of little force. Mollitor is fitted with a spouse of exactly the same character. From sheer kindness of nature, she is constantly taking unworthy and inefficient persons into her employment; thus creating for herself, of course, as well as for her family, an immense amount of discomfort. When, from whatever cause, any of her servants leave her, and sometimes it is because of their proving utterly unsuitable, she nevertheless gives them tolerably good characters, softening so much the unfavourable, and bringing into such relief anything that is recommendatory, that virtually a false view is given, and new mistresses are betrayed. I not long ago had a cook imposed upon me by Mrs Mollitor, who proved not merely unskilled in her business, but an incurable scold; so that my little establishment was for six months scarcely visitable. It was a serious hardship to lay upon a friend, from merely a good-natured dislike to tell the truth about a fellow-creature. Now, there is no amount of recommendation which would avail with me having the name of Mollitor at the bottom of it. A servant who came from my sour friend Marley with three or four declared faults, would be preferable to a demi-angel from Mollitor.

Calling one day upon an old class-fellow, I found him studiously perusing the printed testimonials of two candidates for a situation, in the filling up of which he had a voice. I had the curiosity to glance over the two contending brochures, each of which described, as usual, a being possessed of every talent and accomplishment, and nearly every good moral

quality, under heaven. 'Will you allow me to give you a hint?' said I to my friend. 'Most willingly—nay, I shall be delighted.' 'Well,' said I, 'Thomson is the right man, and I'll tell you why.' My friend stared, while I went on. 'It is thus. In Wilson's testimonials, I see a number of notably amiable men amongst the writers. The most prominent of them all is Golightly, whom public repute sets forth as the best-natured creature living. Amongst Thomson's friends, I do not observe any remarkably kind-hearted men; but I see a man who is well known to be one of the sorest, although, at the same time, most honest men on earth—old Mr Crabbe Dobson. Now, were not Mr Thomson a man of true and extraordinary merit, you may depend upon it Crabbe Dobson would not recommend him.'

My friend seemed amused, and began to read with great attention the letter of Golightly, which was as follows:—

'MY DEAR SIR—I am exceedingly glad to hear that you are a candidate for the situation of Professor of —, in the — University, as I am convinced that the patrons could nowhere find a more suitable person to fill that important chair. Having had the great pleasure and advantage of knowing you for many years, I am enabled to say that your abilities are of the very highest class, and that your attainments are not less distinguished. You have a facility in mastering abstruse and difficult subjects which I never saw surpassed, and which I have never been able to view without the utmost astonishment. Your powers of communicating what you know are such as rarely occur in connection with transcendent original powers. There is a charm in your eloquence which nothing can resist. Your personal character has ever stood high. As a man, as a Christian, and a professional man, you exceed all common bounds of praise. I could dilate on these topics, but that your extreme modesty might be offended; and indeed it is not necessary, as I should only be detailing what must be well known to all. I cannot conclude, however, without expressing my warm interest in your welfare, and my confident belief that, if so fortunate as to be directed to give you their votes, the patrons will have lasting reason for thankfulness.'

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours with the greatest regard,

T. GOLIGHTLY.

A. Wilson, Esq.

Now turn to Crabbe Dobson's brief epistle:—

'SIR—As far as a short acquaintance with you personally, and some knowledge of your writings, enables me to judge, you are a person fully qualified to fill the chair of — in the — University.'

Yours,

J. CRABBE DOBSON.

T. Thomson, Esq.

'I see the force of what you say,' quoth my friend. 'When I make a proper discount from Golightly's letter, on account of his good-nature, and put the right percentage on Crabbe Dobson's, on account of his surly conscientiousness, Thomson becomes the preferable man.' He voted next day for Thomson, and his vote carried the election.

I would have my friends to act on this policy in the selection of their servants. Let them look not merely

to the recommendations which are submitted to them, but to the characters of those who have given the recommendations. Without knowing what discount to allow on account of the good-nature of the writer of these documents, I apprehend that the proposing employer makes something like a leap in the dark.

Being an old bachelor, I am a good deal of a dinner-out, or rather of a visitor in general. I observe great differences in style of entertainment amongst my friends, and have come to believe that comparative limitedness of means does not so much affect the comfort of an establishment as comparative good-nature. For one thing, under their plan of selection, the Greenways and Mollitors rarely have so good servants as their neighbours of similar grade and fortune. Another point—my good-natured friends do not, as a rule, get quite the best viands. If the butcher has orders for two legs of mutton, he will send the least perfectly hung to the more amiable family, because he knows he will be least apt to lose a patron in that direction. The baker, for the same reason, sends his worst bread to his most forgiving customer. If the poultryman has orders for six turkeys, and has only four specimens of the animal to come and go upon, you may depend upon it that the two dinner-parties which that day exhibit a couple of plain fowls instead are those of Mrs Mollitor and Mrs Greenway. Even the wine-merchant will send port a year or two older in bottle, and champagne a shade more effervescent, to the ugly customer who always grumbles at his qualities, distributing of course the inferior articles among the easily pleased.

I was for a long time at a loss to understand why it was that Mrs Mollitor never had at her table exactly the best possible articles, and why she had so often to make apologies for deficiencies in her bill of fare. But at length it occurred to me that she was too good-natured a woman to prove a successful hostess. No trades-people were afraid of her. They could depend on her overlooking their delinquencies, and took liberties accordingly. Being satisfied that this is the case, and that it will never be otherwise, I have latterly been rather shy of invitations from the Mollitors, although I like them personally. They are worthy, agreeable people; but nature has denied them the amount of self-assertion which is required to enable any one to keep up a good house and entertain his friends properly.

The hard-charactered, resolute people, who never unbend a muscle till they see that everything has been good and tidy, and their guests are beginning to depart, are really the people to dine with after all. No matter for their rigour of demeanour: we guests, having good elements of enjoyment furnished to us, can make plenty of fun amongst ourselves. On the whole, then, if I had occasion to make a thinning of my circle of friends, the good-natured are those I would first weed out. At least, such is my theoretical feeling on the subject. Whether in practice I could abandon my Mollitors and Greenways, with all their gentle good-humour, making merriment even out of the scrapes and disadvantages in which their amiableness lands them, I cannot tell. Perhaps my own good-nature is too great for that.

So it is in regard to the whole question of this same plaguy good-nature. I fret continually under its consequences; but I find it at the same time an

irresistible law, that I must love and esteem those who try to soften matters to the poorly endowed; and the unfortunate, who are easily entreated, and not hard to please.

INTERNAL RESOURCES OF RUSSIA.

BEFORE the commencement of the present war, many persons were of opinion that Russia, from the poverty of her native resources, could not hold out long against the more civilised nations of Europe. The result, so far, of the conflict has brought round such speculators not only to a different, but to the opposite opinion; and pointing to the enormous stores of produce and material poured in a continuous stream into the Crimea, and to the fabulous quantities of the food of man destroyed by the invaders, they seem ready to regard the resources of this colossal empire as inexhaustible. In the midst of such vacillating opinions, the appearance of a work dividing the whole country, on the most reliable authorities existing, into zones and regions, and presenting as near an approximation as can be obtained to the actual quantity and value of the productions of each, must be considered an event of some consequence.* 'There is throughout the book,' says the translator, 'a remarkable absence of leanings and prejudices; the figures appear to have been drawn from the most reliable sources, and to have been carefully and conscientiously sifted; whilst the opinions expressed bear the internal stamp of honesty and candour. It is easy to perceive that the writer entertains unbounded confidence in the future destinies of his country, regarding it as a field for the measureless development of elements of strength and greatness which are still in their infancy; but he does not seek to convey the idea, that its present condition, as compared with that of the longer civilised portions of Europe, is in many respects otherwise than backward; and when he observes an evil, instead of labouring to disguise it—as many of us conceive that a good patriotic Russian would be apt to do—he seeks to estimate its intensity, and calmly discusses the means of its removal.'

It is impossible, in a space like ours, to do justice to this important work; but we may give at least a general idea of its contents.

The empire is classified in eight zones, beginning with the icy zone, including Nova Zembla and a portion of Archangel; then the marshy zone, the home of the reindeer, whose flesh is a considerable part of the food of the thinly spread inhabitants; then the zone of forests and cattle-rearing, in the southern part of which we see the first traces of agriculture; then the barley zone, in which agriculture fairly commences, but only commences—a large portion of the population still subsisting by means of cattle-rearing, hunting, and fishing: this zone extends to the 63d degree of north latitude. Now we reach the zone of rye and flax, which embraces the principal portion of the empire, extending to latitude 51 degrees: generally speaking, garden-fruits succeed only in the west of this zone. The zone of wheat and garden-fruits extends to the 48th degree, and is the granary of the kingdom. It supplies St Petersburg and a considerable portion of the army, besides in ordinary time exporting grain. Then comes the zone of maize and of the vine, including the northern part of the Crimea; while the southern part lies in the eighth zone, that of the olive, the silk-worm, and the sugar-cane. Such is Russia in her natural capabilities. 'As a natural consequence of the immense extent of the empire, and of the zones which it embraces, the productive soil is very unequally distributed; some

governments contain very little arable-land, whilst in others it exists in disproportion to the means of labouring.' The magnitude of the empire is at this moment a disadvantage rather than otherwise; but only imagine what might be the result if it was intersected by railways, and the products of industry equalised throughout this vast region!

And in a new country like Russia, it is hard to say what may not come to pass. Many of her greatest towns were willed into being by the Empress Catherine II. One of these is the important city of Kharkov, in Southern Russia; and another, Odessa, which was founded about sixty years ago on the ruins of an ancient Greek colony, and has now a population of 60,000. Our author, quoting from M. Haxthausen, a German traveller, describes the appearance of one of these modern towns, as indications of the different eras of its construction: 'When, travelling in the interior of the empire,' says M. Haxthausen, 'we approach a Russian town, we do not, as in the countries of Romanic or Germanic origin, pass through a suburb of gardens, but enter, first, a Russian village, being the remains of the old village which was destined to be converted into a town. Here still dwell the old peasants, who employ themselves principally in gardening, to supply the town with vegetables, carrying on their culture, not in enclosed grounds, but in the open fields. Passing through the village, we enter the town of Catherine II., built like one of the outer quarters of Moscow. It is composed of long, broad, unpaved streets, running between two rows of log-houses one story high, with their gable-ends turned to the street. Here is concentrated the industrial life of the Russian population; here dwell the carters, the cartwrights, the corn-dealers; here are the inns, the ale-houses, the shops, &c. Issuing from this second quartier, we enter the modern European town, with its straight and sometimes paved streets, and its spacious squares. We see on all hands buildings like palaces; but this part of the town has generally a deserted appearance; the streets present little bustle or animation, with the exception of the droschkes stationed in the squares and at the corners of the streets, with which no provincial capital, or even large district village, is ever unprovided. The most ancient edifices of this quarter are the public buildings; the greater number of the private houses date subsequently to 1815.' Upon this the Russian author observes, that when such changes took place in other European towns, the elements of the municipal corporations were already in existence. 'With us, on the contrary, the form has often preceded the fact; this has arisen from the influence which the sovereign power is called on to exert over the destinies of the empire, an influence founded not merely on the form of the government, but likewise on historical tradition, on custom, and on the requirements and interests of social order. Since the time of Peter the Great, it is the government which in Russia marches at the head of civilisation; and government is sometimes obliged to slacken its pace, in order not to get too far ahead of the wants, the ideas, and the manners of the people. Of this truth, misapprehended by those who judge our country according to preconceived ideas, we have perfect evidence, not only in the history and present condition of our towns, but also in all our institutions; and this will appear to every one who takes the trouble to subject them to unprejudiced study and observation.'

It does not come within the scope of our Journal to state the amount of the various articles of produce raised in Russia; because these, to be understood, would require to be taken conjointly with the sum of the population and the requirements of foreign trade. We may say, however, that our author calculates the whole of the cereals to amount to 187,000,000 imperial quarters; thus making Russia's production

* *Commentaries on the Productive Forces of Russia.* By M. L. de Tegoborski, Privy Councillor, and Member of the Council of the Russian Empire. 2 vols. London: Longman. 1853.

of cereals 5 to 2 of that of France, 20 to 7 of that of Austria, and 6 to 1 of that of Prussia.

The potato is becoming another great resource; but as yet the growth is not widely diffused, although the annual pecuniary value of the produce is estimated at £2,375,000 sterling. The native wines are fifteen times more in quantity, and about a seventh part more in pecuniary value, than those that are imported. The minimum produce of flax and hemp is estimated at 16,000,000 poods (the pood is equal to 36.08 avoirdupois), of which, in ordinary times, are exported, raw and manufactured, 7,350,000 poods. The breed of horned cattle is immense. It numbers, at the minimum, 25,000,000, which, on a population of sixty-one millions and a half, would give five head of cattle to every twelve inhabitants. Sheep are estimated in minimum at 50,000,000, giving twenty-five sheep for every thirty-one inhabitants. In regard to mineral wealth, before the discovery of the gold-fields in California, Russia contributed 63 per cent. of the gold produced in America, Europe, and Northern Asia.

The part of the volume we have been examining relates to the physical and material productive forces; but the author returns to the same points, *seriatim*, in another part, entitled the intellectual productive forces, by which he means those forces that exist in the application of the human intellect to the creation of values.

Here he considers that Russia is an eminently agricultural country; all the other elements of prosperity occupying but a secondary rank, and playing a more or less subordinate part in the mechanism of her productive powers. But the state of agriculture, except in the Baltic provinces and in the Steppes, is as yet low, partly owing to want of skill, and partly to the paucity of labour in comparison with the extent of the land. The plan pursued is called the 'three-shift system'; namely, fallow, winter-corn, and summer-corn, the forage being drawn from permanent meadows and pastures of its own. The whole of the Slavonic populations are much attached to this system; and certainly in Russia, so long as the disproportion between labour and land continues, the waste of the latter—one-third of the cultivable land lying idle under the three-shift rotation—will be little felt. The next hinderance to agricultural advance is the serfage system, on which our author speaks frankly, but, as usual, moderately. 'The system of serfage may, and undoubtedly must, exercise an unfavourable influence upon the culture of the soil, inasmuch as thirled labour is always less productive than free labour; this it is, not always as regards the interest of the employer—for there are many cases in which the substitution of paid-labour for the *corvée* would not, by its increased productiveness, compensate the proprietor for his increased working-expenses—but as regards the total amount of value created by the employment of labour; for, the obligatory task being always executed with more or less negligence, the result is a loss of time and of productive force, and, consequently, a waste of the elements of national wealth. It is, moreover, undeniable that the prestation of villainage-services, where they are too onerous, frequently deprives the serf of the means of doing justice to the land; but the influence of this cause upon the condition of our agriculture is by no means so predominant as is generally supposed.' In fact, strict serfage has almost ceased to exist in the crown-domains; in the year 1852, not more than 121,450 crown-peasants being subject to the *corvée*, out of perhaps 9,000,000 or 10,000,000 cultivators. The serfs belonging to private individuals in 1838, were, in round numbers, 12,000,000, and the free-peasants the same. 'On comparing these two totals, we find that the number of peasants still subject to the *corvée* is equal to that of the cultivators who

dispose freely of their labour; but if we consider that, in many of the domains belonging to individuals, the *corvée* has been converted into a pecuniary quit-rent, we may admit that more than two-thirds of the productive soil are now no longer worked under the *corvée*-system. This system, therefore, cannot exert so general an influence as is supposed on the condition of our agriculture.' The *corvée*-system, however, cannot speedily be got rid of. 'However defective the *corvée*-system may be in itself, in a general agricultural point of view, it is for the moment, for a great part of Russia, a necessity of our agricultural position; for, *first*, the amount of disposable capital requisite to be invested in agriculture, in order to establish a rational system of culture in conjunction with paid labour, does not exist in proportion to the immense extent of the arable-lands; *secondly*, in many districts, the value of the products of the land would not afford a sufficient return to cover the working-expenses; *thirdly*, in those provinces which are little favoured in regard to commerce and industry, and where money circulation is trifling, it is much easier for the peasant to discharge his quit-rent in the shape of labour, than to pay any rent whatever in the shape of money.' Thus it happens that sometimes those peasants who have become quit-renters, or, as it is termed in Russia, have come under the *Obrók* régime, are in less easy circumstances than the peasants in the same district who are under the *corvée*-régime; and they occasionally return of their own accord to their former prestation in kind.'

The minute subdivision of the land necessitated by serfage, is another hinderance to improvement in agriculture. A portion of an estate of peasants is divided into as many lots as there are *hearths* or families. 'As the community is liable in *solidum* for the rents and prestations affecting each of its members, it is it that makes the distribution. The extent of the different allotments is proportioned to the number of members in a family, regard being had to its wants and to its strength in working-hands. When a son marries in his father's lifetime, he has right to an allotment to be laboured by himself for his own behoof. Where there are marked inequalities in the fertility of the land, the division is equalised by assigning to every hearth a portion of land of each different quality. Where the extent of the lands exceeds the strict wants of the population—that is to say, the normal proportion considered requisite for the subsistence of each family—it is to the peasants who are in the best circumstances, who have the greatest number of good hands at their disposal, who have the most stock, and, in general, who have the best means of cultivating, that the surplus is adjudged; often against the will of the receivers, whose contribution to the charges of the community is then proportionally augmented. This distribution is generally made with great equity and discretion; and the surplus, thus distributed, forms a reserve for future distributions, which may be rendered necessary by the progress of population. When, on the other hand, there is not land enough to assign each family an allotment proportioned to its wants, the surplus population emigrates to other localities, sometimes in the neighbourhood, sometimes in distant governments, in quest of work and a living.' Thus the land is cut to pieces; and the peasant, owing to the frequent changes of possession, occasioned by the increase or diminution of hearths in the village, and to his uncertainty of leaving his own allotment as an inheritance to his children, becomes indifferent to any improvement of which the fruits are not immediate.

The impression left upon our mind by this valuable work is, that Europe has not much to fear from the material progress of Russia, since that must of necessity be gradual, and correspond closely with her intellectual advancement. She cannot attain to the due development of her vast agricultural resources

without a corresponding increase of knowledge, and without the total abandonment of serfage, the existence of which at the present day separates her widely from the civilised world. Her vast forests must be intersected by roads, and these dotted with villages or colonies; and the various portions of the empire, which are now chained together only by government establishments, brought into neighbourhood and sympathy by means of easy intercommunication. Till all this is accomplished, the resources of Russia must be taken at their *present* extent; making due deduction for the cost of the war, the heavy draft of peasants from their employment, and the consequent impoverishment of the capitalists, small and great, who furnish the sustenance of the country and the sinews of battle.

THE DOPPELGÄNGER.

ALBERT LACHNER was my particular friend and fellow-student. We studied together at Heidelberg; we lived together; we had no secrets from each other; we called each other by the endearing name of brother. On leaving the university, Albert decided on following the profession of medicine. I was possessed of a moderate competence and a little estate at Ems, on the Lahn; so I devoted myself to the tranquil life of a *propriétaire* and a book-dreamer. Albert went to reside with a physician, as pupil and assistant, at the little town of Cassel; I established myself in my inheritance.

I was delighted with my home; with my garden, sloping down to the rushy margin of the river; with the view of Ems, the turreted old Kürhaus, the suspension-bridge, and, further away, the bridge of boats, and the dark wooded hills, closing in the little colony on every side. I planted my garden in the English style; fitted up my library and smoking-room; and furnished one bed-chamber especially for my friend. This room overlooked the water, and a clematis grew up round the window. I placed there a bookcase, and filled it with his favourite books; hung the walls with engravings which I knew he admired, and chose draperies of his favourite colour. When all was complete, I wrote to him, and bade him come and spend his summer-holiday with me at Ems.

He came; but I found him greatly altered. He was a dark, pale man; always somewhat taciturn and sickly, he was now paler, more silent, more delicate than ever. He seemed subject to fits of melancholy abstraction, and appeared as if some all-absorbing subject weighed upon his mind—some haunting care, from which even I was excluded.

He had never been gay, it is true; he had never mingled in our Heidelberg extravagances—never fought a duel at the Hirschgasse—never been one of the fellowship of Foxes—never boated, and quarrelled, and gambled like the rest of us, wild boys as we were! But then he was constitutionally unfitted for such violent sports; and a lameness which dated from his early childhood, proved an effectual bar to the practice of all those athletic exercises which secure to youth the *mens sana in corpore sano*. Still, he was strangely altered; and it cut me to the heart to see him so sad, and not to be permitted to partake of his anxieties. At first I thought he had been studying too closely; but this he protested was not the case. Sometimes I fancied that he was in love, but I was soon convinced of my error: he was changed—but how or why, I found it impossible to discover.

After he had been with me about a week, I chanced one day to allude to the rapid progress that was making everywhere in favour of mesmerism, and added some light words of incredulity as I spoke. To my surprise, he expressed his absolute faith in every department of the science, and defended all its

phenomena, even to clairvoyance and mesmeric revelation, with the fervour of a determined believer.

I found his views on the subject more extended than any I had previously heard. To mesmeric influences, he attributed all those spectral appearances, such as ghosts, wraiths, and doppelgängers; all those noises and troubled spirits; all those banshees or family apparitions; all those hauntings and miscellaneous phenomena, which have from the earliest ages occupied the fears, the thoughts, and the inquiries of the human race.

After about three weeks' stay, he left me, and returned to his medical studies at Cassel, promising to visit me in the autumn, when the grape-harvest should be in progress. His parting words were earnest and remarkable: ‘Farewell, Heinrich, *mein Bruder*; farewell till the gathering-season. In thought, I shall be often with you.’

He was holding my hands in both his own as he said this, and a peculiar expression flitted across his countenance; the next moment, he had stepped into the diligence, and was gone. Feeling disturbed, yet without knowing why, I made my way slowly back to my cottage. This visit of Albert's had strangely unsettled me, and I found that for some days after his departure, I could not return to the old quiet round of studies which had been my occupation and delight before he came. Somehow, our long arguments dwelt unpleasantly upon my mind, and induced a nervous sensation of which I felt ashamed. I had no wish to believe; I struggled against conviction, and the very struggle caused me to think of it the more. At last the effect wore away; and when my friend had been gone about a fortnight, I returned almost insensibly to my former routine of thought and occupation. Thus the season slowly advanced. Ems became crowded with tourists, attracted thither by the fame of our medicinal springs; and what with frequenting concerts, promenades, and gardens, reading, receiving a few friends, occasionally taking part in the music-meetings which are so much the fashion here, and entering altogether into a little more society than had hitherto been my habit, I succeeded in banishing entirely from my mind the doubts and reflections which had so much disturbed me.

One evening, as I was returning homeward from the house of a friend in the town, I experienced a delusion, which, to say the least of it, caused me a very disagreeable sensation. I have stated that my cottage was situated on the banks of the river, and was surrounded by a garden. The entrance lay at the other side, by the high road; but I am fond of boating, and I had constructed, therefore, a little wicket, with a flight of wooden steps leading down to the water's edge, near which my small rowing-boat lay moored. This evening, I came along by the meadows which skirt the stream; these meadows are here and there intersected by villas and private enclosures. Now, mine was the first; and I could walk from the town to my own garden-fence without once diverging from the river-path. I was musing, and humming to myself some bars of a popular melody, when, all at once, I began thinking of Albert and his theories. This was, I asseverate, the first time he had even entered my mind for at least two days. Thus going along, my arms folded, and my eyes fixed on the ground, I reached the boundaries of my little domain before I knew that I had traversed half the distance. Smiling at my own abstraction, I paused to go round by the entrance, when suddenly, and to my great surprise, I saw my friend standing by the wicket, and looking over the river towards the sunset. Astonishment and delight deprived me at the first of all power of speech; at last—‘Albert!’ I cried, ‘this is kind of you. When did you arrive?’ He seemed not to hear me, and remained in the same attitude. I repeated the words,

and with a similar result. ‘Albert, look round, man!’ Slowly he turned his head, and looked me in the face; and then, O horror! even as I was looking at him, he disappeared. He did not fade away; he did not fall; but, in the twinkling of an eye, he was not there. Trembling and awe-struck, I went into the house, and strove to compose my shattered nerves. Was Albert dead, and were apparitions truths? I dared not think—I dared not ask myself the question. I passed a wretched night; and the next day I was as unsettled as when first he left me.

It was about four days from this time when a circumstance wholly inexplicable occurred in my house. I was sitting at breakfast in the library, with a volume of Plato beside me, when my servant entered the room, and courteised for permission to speak. I looked up, and supposing that she needed money for domestic purposes, I pulled out my purse from my pocket, and saying: ‘Well, Katrine, what do you want now?’ drew forth a florin, and held it towards her.

She courtesied again, and shook her head. ‘Thank you, master; but it is not that.’

Something in the old woman’s tone of voice caused me to look up hastily. ‘What is the matter, Katrine? Has anything alarmed you?’

‘If you please, master—if it is not a rude question, has—has any one been here lately?’

‘Here!’ I repeated. ‘What do you mean?’

‘In the bed upstairs, master.’

I sprang to my feet, and turned as cold as a statue.

‘The bed has been slept in, master, for the last four nights.’

I flew to the door, thrust her aside, and in a moment sprang up the staircase and into Albert’s bedroom; and there, plainly, plainly, I beheld the impression of a heavy body left upon the bed! Yes, there, on the pillow, was the mark where his head had been laid; there the deep groove pressed by his body! It was no deception this, but a strange, an incomprehensible reality. I groaned aloud, and staggered heavily back.

‘It has been like this for four nights, master,’ said the old woman. ‘Each morning I have made the bed, thinking, perhaps, that you had been in there to lie down during the day; but this time I thought I would speak to you about it.’

‘Well, Katrine, make the bed once more; let us give it another trial; and then—’

I said no more, but walked away. When all was in order, I returned, bringing with me a basin of fine sand. First of all, I closed and barred the shutters; then sprinkled the floor all round the bed with sand; shut and locked the chamber-door, and left the key, under some trivial pretext, at the house of a friend in the town. Katrine was witness to all this. That night I lay awake and restless; not a sound disturbed the utter silence of the autumn night; not a breath stirred the leaves against my casement.

I rose early the next morning; and by the time Katrine was up and at her work, I returned from Ems with the key. ‘Come with me, Katrine,’ I said; ‘let us see if all be right in the Herr Lachner’s bedroom.’

At the door, we paused and looked, half-terrified, in each other’s faces; then I summoned courage, turned the key, and entered. The window-shutters, which I had fastened the day before, were wide open—unclosed by no mortal hand; and the daylight streaming in, fell upon the disordered bed—upon footmarks in the sand! Looking attentively at these latter, I saw that the impressions were alternately light and heavy, as if the walker had rested longer upon one foot than the other, like a lame man.

I will not here delay my narrative with an account of the mental anguish which this circumstance caused me; suffice it, that I left that room, locked the door again, and resolved never to re-enter it till I had learned the fate of my friend.

The next day I set off for Cassel. The journey was long and fatiguing, and only a portion could be achieved by train. Though I started very early in the morning, it was quite night before the diligence by which the transit was completed entered the streets of the town. Faint and weary though I was, I could not delay at the inn to partake of any refreshment, but hired a youth to shew me the way to Albert’s lodgings, and proceeded at once upon my search. He led me through a labyrinth of narrow old-fashioned streets, and paused at length before a high red-brick dwelling, with projecting stories and a curiously carved doorway. An old man with a lantern answered my summons; and, on my inquiring if Herr Lachner lodged there, desired me to walk up stairs to the third floor.

‘Then he is living!’ I cried eagerly.

‘Living!’ echoed the man, as he held the lantern at the foot of the staircase to light me on my way—‘living! Mein Gott, we want no dead lodgers here.’

After the first flight, I found myself in darkness, and went on, feeling my way step by step, and holding by the broad banisters. As I ascended the third flight, a door on the landing suddenly opened, and a voice exclaimed:

‘Welcome, Heinrich! Take care; there is a loose plank on the last step but one.’

It was Albert, holding a candle in his hand—as well, as real, as substantial as ever. I cleared the remaining interval with a bound, and threw myself into his arms.

‘Albert, Albert, my friend and companion, alive—alive and well!’

‘Yes, alive,’ he replied, drawing me into the room and closing the door. ‘You thought me dead?’

‘I did indeed,’ said I, half sobbing with joy. Then glancing round at the blazing hearth—for now the nights were chill—the cheerful lights, and the well-spread supper-table: ‘Why, Albert,’ I exclaimed, ‘you live here like a king.’

‘Not always thus,’ he replied, with a melancholy smile. ‘I lead in general a very sparing bachelor-like existence. But it is not often I have a visitor to entertain; and you, my brother, have never before partaken of my hospitality.’

‘How!’ I exclaimed quite stupefied; ‘you knew that I was coming?’

‘Certainly. I have even prepared a bed for you in my own apartment.’

I gasped for breath, and dropped into a seat.

‘And this power, this spiritual knowledge?’

‘Is simply the effect of magnetic relation—of what is called rapport.’

‘Explain yourself.’

‘Not now, Heinrich. You are exhausted by the mental and bodily excitement which you have this day undergone. Eat, now; eat and rest. After supper, we will talk the subject over.’

Wearied as I was, curiosity, and a vague sort of horror which I found it impossible to control, deprived me of appetite, and I rejoiced when, drawing towards the hearth with our meerschaums and Rhine-wine, we resumed the former conversation.

‘You are, of course, aware,’ began my friend, ‘that in those cases where a mesmeric power has been established by one mind over another, a certain rapport, or intimate spiritual relationship, becomes the mysterious link between those two natures. This rapport does not consist in the mere sleep-producing power; that is but the primary form, the simplest stage of its influence, and in many instances may be altogether omitted. By this, I mean that the mesmerist may, by a supreme act of volition, step at once to the highest power of control over the patient, without traversing the intermediate gradations of somnolency or even clairvoyance. This highest power lies in the will of the operator, and enables him to present images to the mind of the other, even as they are produced in his

own. I cannot better describe my subject than by comparing the mind of the patient to a mirror, which reflects that of the operator as long, as often, and as fully, as he may desire. This rapport I have long sought to establish between us.'

'But you have not succeeded.'

'Not altogether; neither have my efforts been quite in vain. You have struggled to resist me, and I have felt the opposing power baffling me at every step; yet sometimes I have prevailed, if but for a short time. For instance, during many days after leaving Ems, I left a strong impression upon your mind.'

'Which I tried to shake off, and did.'

'True; but it was a contended point for some days. Let me recall another instance to your memory. About five days ago, you were suddenly, and for some moments, forced to succumb to my influence, although but an instant previous you were completely a free agent.'

'At what time in the day was that?' I asked falteringly.

'About half-past eight o'clock in the evening.'

I shuddered, grew deadly faint, and pushed my chair back.

'But where were you, Albert?' I muttered in a half-audible voice.

He looked up, surprised at my emotion; then, as if catching the reflex of my agitation from my countenance, he turned ghastly pale, even to his lips, and the drops of cold dew started on his forehead.

'I—was—here,' he said, with a slow and laboured articulation, that added to my dismay.

'But I saw you—I saw you standing in my garden, just as I was thinking of you, or, rather, just as the thought of you had been forced upon me.'

'And did you speak to—to the figure?'

'Twice, without being heard. The third time I cried—'

'Albert, look round, man!' interrupted my friend, in a hoarse, quick tone.

'My very words! Then you heard me?'

'But when you had spoken them,' he continued, without heeding my question—'when you had spoken them—what then?'

'It vanished—where and how, I know not.'

Albert covered his face with his hands, and groaned aloud.

'Great God!' he said feebly, 'then I am not mad!'

I was so horror-struck, that I remained silent. Presently, he raised his head, poured out half a tumblerful of brandy, drank it at a draught, and then turning his face partly aside, and speaking in a low and preternaturally even tone, related to me the following strange and fearful narrative:—

'Dr K.—, under whom I have been studying for the last year here in Cassel, first convinced me of the reality of the mesmeric doctrine; before then, I was as hardened a sceptic as yourself. As is frequently the case in these matters, the pupil—being, perhaps, constitutionally inclined more towards those influences—soon penetrated deeper into the paths of mesmeric research than the master. By a rapidity of conviction that seems almost miraculous, I pierced at once to the essence of the doctrine, and, passing from the condition of patient to that of operator, became sensible of great internal power, and of a strength of volition which enabled me to establish the most extraordinary rapports between my patients and myself, even when separated from them by any distance, however considerable. Shortly after the discovery of this new power, I became aware of another and a still more singular phenomenon within myself. In order to convey to you a proper idea of which this phenomenon is, I must beg you to analyse with me the ordinary process of memory. Memory is the reproduction or summoning back of past places and events. With

some, this mental vision is so vivid, as actually to produce the effect of painting the place or thing remembered upon the retina of the eye, so as to present it with all its substantive form, its lights, its colours, and its shadows. Such is our so-called memory—who shall say whether it be memory or reality? I had always commanded this faculty in a high degree; indeed, so remarkably, that if I but related a passage from any book, the very page, the printed characters, were spread before my mental vision, and I read from them as from the volume. My recollection was therefore said to be wondrously faithful, and, as you will remember, I never erred in a single syllable. Since my recent investigations, this faculty has increased in a very singular manner. I have twice felt as though my inner self, my spiritual self, were a *distinct body*—yet scarcely so much a body as a nervous essence or ether; and as if this second being, in moments of earnest thought, went from me, and visited the people, the places, the objects of external life. Nay,' he continued, observing my extreme agitation, 'this thing is not wholly new in the history of magnetic phenomena—but it is rare. We call it, psychologically speaking, the power of far-working. But there is yet another and a more appalling phase of far-working—that of a visible appearance out of the body—that of being here and elsewhere at the same time—that of becoming, in short, a doppelganger. The irrefragable evidence of this truth I have never dared to doubt, but it has always impressed me with an unparalleled horror. I believed, but I dreaded; yet twice I have for a few moments trembled at the thought that I—I also may be—may be—O rather, far, far rather would I believe myself deluded, dreaming—even mad! Twice have I felt a consciousness of self-absence—once, a consciousness of self-seeing! All knowledge, all perception was transferred to my spiritual self, while a sort of drowsy numbness and inaction weighed upon my bodily part. The first time was about a fortnight before I visited you at Ems; the second happened five nights since, at the period of which you have spoken. On that second evening, Heinrich—here his voice trembled audibly—I felt myself in possession of an unusual mesmeric power. I thought of you, and impelled the influence, as it were, from my mind upon yours. This time, I found no resisting force opposed to mine; you yielded to my dominion—you believed.'

'It was so,' I murmured faintly.

'At the same time, my brother, I felt the most earnest desire to be once more near you, to hear your voice, to see your frank and friendly face, to be standing again in your pretty garden beside the running river. It was sunset, and I pictured to myself the scene from that spot. Even as I did so, a dulness came over my senses—the picture on my memory grew wider, brighter; I felt the cool breeze from the water; I saw the red sun sinking over the far woods; I heard the vesper-bells ringing from the steeples; in a word, I was spiritually there. Presently I became aware as of the approach of something, I knew not what—but a something not of the same nature as myself—something that filled me with a shivering, half compounded of fear and half of pleasure. Then a sound, smothered and strange, as if unfited for the organs of my spiritual sense, seemed to fill the space around—a sound resembling speech, yet reverberating and confused, like distant thunder. I felt paralysed, and unable to turn. It came and died away a second time, yet more distinctly. I distinguished words, but not their sense. It came a third time, vibrating, clear, and loud—"Albert, look round, man!" Making a terrible effort to overcome the bonds which seemed to hold me, I turned—I saw you! The next moment, a sharp pain wrung me in every limb; there came a brief darkness, and I then found myself, without any apparent lapse of time or sensible motion,

sitting by yonder window, where, gazing on the sunset, I had begun to think of you. The sound of your voice yet rang in my ears; the sight of your face was still before me; I shuddered—I tried to think that all had been a dream. I lifted my hands to my brow: they were numb and heavy. I strove to rise; but a rigid torpor seemed to weigh upon my limbs. You say that I was visibly present in your garden; I know that I was bodily present in this room. Can it be that my worst fears are confirmed—that I possess a double being?

We were both silent for some moments. At last I told him the circumstances of the bed and of the footmarks on the sand. He was shocked, but scarcely surprised.

'I have been thinking much of you,' he said; 'and for several successive nights I have dreamed of you and of my stay—nay, even of that very bedroom. Yet I have been conscious of none of these symptoms of far-working. It is true that I have awaked each morning unrefreshed and weary, as if from bodily fatigue; but this I attributed to over-study and constitutional weakness.'

'Will you not tell me the particulars of your first experience of this spiritual absence?'

Albert sat pale and silent, as if he heard not.

I repeated the question.

'Give me some more brandy,' he said, 'and I will tell you.'

I did so. He remained for a few moments looking at the fire before he spoke; at last he proceeded, but in still lower voice than before. 'The first time was also in this room; but how much more terrible than the second. I had been reading—reading a metaphysical work upon the nature of the soul—when I experienced, quite suddenly, a sensation of extreme lassitude. The book grew dim before my eyes; the room darkened; I appeared to find myself in the streets of the town. Plainly I saw the churches in the gray evening dusk; plainly the hurrying passengers; plainly the faces of many whom I knew. Now it was the market-place; now the bridge; now the well-known street in which I live. Then I came to the door: it stood wide open to admit me. I passed slowly, slowly up the gloomy staircase; I entered my own room; and there—'

He paused; his voice grew husky, and his face assumed a stony, almost a distorted appearance.

'And there you saw,' I urged—'you saw'—

'Myself! Myself, sitting in this very chair. Yes, yes; myself stood gazing on myself! We looked—we looked into each—each other's eyes—we—we—we'—

His voice failed; the hand holding the wine-glass grew stiff, and the brittle vessel fell upon the hearth, and was shattered into a thousand fragments.

'Albert! Albert!' I shrieked, 'look up. O heavens! what shall I do?'

I hung frantically over him; I seized his hands in mine; they were cold as marble. Suddenly, as if by a last spasmotic effort, he turned his head in the direction of the door, and looked earnestly forward. The power of speech was gone, but his eyes glared with a light that was more vivid than that of life. Struck with an appalling idea, I followed the course of his gaze. Hark! a dull, dull sound—measured, distinct, and slow, as if of feet ascending. My blood froze; I could not remove my eyes from the doorway; I could not breathe. Nearer and nearer came the steps—alternately light and heavy, light and heavy, as the tread of a lame man. Nearer and nearer—across the landing—upon the very threshold of the chamber. A sudden fall beside me, a crash, a darkness! Albert had slipped from his chair to the floor, dragging the table in his fall, and extinguishing the lights beneath the debris of the accident.

Forgetting instantly everything but the danger of

my friend, I flew to the bell and rang wildly for help. The vehemence of my cries, and the startling energy of the peal in the midnight silence of the house, roused every creature there; and in less time than it takes to relate, the room was filled with a crowd of anxious and terrified lodgers, some just roused from sleep, and others called from their studies, with their reading-lamps in their hands.

The first thing was to rescue Albert from where he lay, beneath the weight of the fallen table—to throw cold water on his face and hands, to loosen his neck-cloth, to open the windows for the fresh night-air.

'It is of no use,' said a young man, holding his head up and examining his eyes. 'I am a surgeon: I live in this house. Your friend is dead.'

'No doubt,' replied the surgeon: 'it is probably his third attack.'

'Yes, yes—I know it is. Is there no hope?'

He shook his head and turned away.

'What has been the cause of his death?' asked a bystander in an awe-struck whisper.

'Catalepsy.'

MR MACAULAY'S NEW VOLUMES.

On concluding a reading of these massive volumes, we have been tempted to ask: 'Is this history?' Our frank answer to the query has been: 'If it be not history, as that is usually understood, it is something better.' Sneerers will call it an overgrown article. Admit it is in the style of an article, it is, as such, an improvement on ordinary historical writing. We would define it as a history, with the addition of a fine quality which induces men to read it.

The third and fourth volumes will not, however, be relished quite so much as the first and second. This is the fault of the events, not of the author: the overthrow of a dynasty is not a kind of fact to occur every day. As it is, in these volumes, extending from 1689 to 1697, there is a series of occurrences only second in interest to the revolution itself—the civil war in Scotland, the civil war in Ireland, the great war with France (strongly resembling, by the way, our present war with Russia), the Toleration Act, the Glencoe Massacre, the commencement of banks, of newspapers, and of a national debt; finally, the struggles of the Jacobite party against the resistless tendency of the general will, and the astounding intrigues of many of King William's best statesmen, and even ministers, to keep themselves in tolerable terms with the exiled monarch. All of these matters are treated by Mr Macaulay with his characteristic breadth of view and picturesqueness of narration; King William always the hero of the piece, King James the villain; civilisation and the interests of the many ever the *grand jeu*, as opposed to barbarism generally, and the mean and selfish actions of all kinds of individuals. It is a party view of history; but we must admit, against some lurking prepossessions, that it is the view of the party of progress, and of the general good, as against its opponents. Anyhow, if our author has really to any serious extent traduced King James, in shewing him as a heartless, incorrigible tyrant and poltroon, and a hound out of assassins, may God forgive him, for it will, we fear, be a concluded case. Who shall hope to get a defence listened to by one-twentieth of those who will here read, and be persuaded?

Our narrow limits forbidding us to go at length into any of Mr Macaulay's narrations, it will be our best course to draw attention to a few short passages, chiefly of the nature of remark, where we think he happily catches at novel truths, or illustrates important

political propositions. In hurrying along the stream of the story, one is only too apt to overlook such passages, however distinguished by their wisdom.

Speaking of the bishops and other clergy who lost their positions by refusing to take the oaths to the new sovereigns, our author says: 'It is certain that the moral character of the nonjurors, as a class, did not stand high. It seems hard to impute laxity of principle to persons who undoubtedly made a great sacrifice to principle. And yet experience abundantly proves, that many who are capable of making a great sacrifice, when their blood is heated by conflict, and when the public eye is fixed upon them, are not capable of persevering long in the daily practice of obscure virtues. It is by no means improbable that zealots may have given their lives for a religion which had never effectually restrained their vindictive or their licentious passions. We learn, indeed, from fathers of the highest authority, that, even in the purest ages of the Church, some confessors, who had manfully refused to save themselves from torments and death by throwing frankincense on the altar of Jupiter, afterwards brought scandal on the Christian name by gross fraud and debauchery.'

There is not less penetration in a remark regarding the fact, that among George Fox's followers were some men far above himself in intelligence. 'Robert Barclay was a man of considerable parts and learning. William Penn, though inferior to Barclay in both natural and acquired abilities, was a gentleman and a scholar. That such men should have become the followers of George Fox ought not to astonish any person who remembers what quick, vigorous, and highly cultivated intellects were in our own time duped by the unknown tongues. The truth is, that no powers of mind constitute a security against errors of this description. Touching God and His ways with man, the highest human faculties can discover little more than the meanest. In theology, the interval is small indeed between Aristotle and a child, between Archimedes and a naked savage. It is not strange, therefore, that wise men, weary of investigation, tormented by uncertainty, longing to believe something, and yet seeing objections to everything, should submit themselves absolutely to teachers, who, with firm and undoubting faith, lay claim to a supernatural commission. Thus, we frequently see inquisitive and restless spirits take refuge from their own scepticism in the bosom of a church which pretends to infallibility; and, after questioning the existence of a Deity, bring themselves to worship a wafer. And thus it was that Fox made some converts to whom he was immeasurably inferior in everything except the energy of his convictions.'

Mr Macaulay explains very clearly how the national debt commenced in 1692. There was a want of money for the state beyond the supply which the utmost possible taxation could afford, and at the same time a superabundance of money in the hands of capitalists at a loss what to make of it. When one party was impelled by the strongest motives to borrow, and another was impelled by equally strong motives to lend, it was not possible that a debt should not have been contracted. The first transaction was the loan of a million, in the form of life-annuities, at ten per cent. till 1700, and after that, seven per cent. Mr Macaulay adds some observations which may carry a peculiar comfort at the present moment. 'Such was the origin of that debt which has since become the greatest prodigy that ever perplexed the sagacity and confounded the pride of statesmen and philosophers. At every stage in the growth of that debt, the nation has set up the same cry of anguish and despair. At every stage in the growth of that debt, it has been seriously asserted by wise men, that bankruptcy and ruin were at hand. Yet, still the debt went on growing, and still bankruptcy and ruin were as remote as ever. When the

great contest with Louis XIV. was finally terminated by the Peace of Utrecht, the nation owed about fifty millions; and that debt was considered, not merely by the rude multitude, not merely by fox-hunting squires and coffee-house orators, but by acute and profound thinkers, as an incumbrance which would permanently cripple the body-politic. Nevertheless, trade flourished; wealth increased; the nation became richer and richer. Then came the war of the Austrian Succession; and the debt rose to eighty millions. Pamphleteers, historians, and orators, pronounced that now, at all events, our case was desperate. Yet the signs of increasing prosperity—signs which could neither be counterfeited nor concealed—ought to have satisfied observant and reflecting men that a debt of eighty millions was less to the England which was governed by Pelham, than a debt of fifty millions had been to the England which was governed by Oxford. Soon war again broke forth, and, under the energetic and prodigal administration of the first William Pitt, the debt rapidly swelled to a hundred and forty millions. As soon as the first intoxication of victory was over, men of theory and men of business almost unanimously pronounced that the fatal day had now really arrived. The only statesman, indeed, active or speculative, who did not share in the general delusion was Edmund Burke. David Hume, undoubtedly one of the most profound political economists of his time, declared that our madness had exceeded the madness of the Crusaders. Richard Cœur de Lion and St Louis had not gone in the face of arithmetical demonstration. It was impossible to prove by figures that the road to Paradise did not lie through the Holy Land; but it was possible to prove by figures that the road to national ruin was through the national debt. It was idle, however, now to talk about the road; we had done with the road; we had reached the goal; all was over; all the revenues of the island north of Trent and west of Reading were mortgaged. Better for us to have been conquered by Prussia or Austria, than to be saddled with the interest of a hundred and forty millions. And yet this great philosopher—for such he was—had only to open his eyes, and to see improvement all around him—cities increasing, cultivation extending, marts too small for the crowd of buyers and sellers, harbours insufficient to contain the shipping, artificial rivers joining the chief inland seats of industry to the chief seaports, streets better lighted, houses better furnished, richer wares exposed to sale in statelier shops, swifter carriages, rolling along smoother roads. He had, indeed, only to compare the Edinburgh of his boyhood with the Edinburgh of his old age. His prediction remains to posterity, a memorable instance of the weakness from which the strongest minds are not exempt. Adam Smith saw a little and but a little further. He admitted that, immense as the burden was, the nation did actually sustain it, and thrive under it in a way which nobody could have foreseen. But he warned his countrymen not to repeat so hazardous an experiment. The limit had been reached. Even a small increase might be fatal. Not less gloomy was the view which George Grenville, a minister eminently diligent and practical, took of our financial situation. The nation must, he conceived, sink under a debt of a hundred and forty millions, unless a portion of the load were borne by the American colonies. The attempt to lay a portion of the load on the American colonies produced another war. That war left us with an additional hundred millions of debt, and without the colonies, whose help had been represented as indispensable. Again England was given over; and again the strange patient persisted in becoming stronger and more blooming, in spite of all the diagnostics and prognostics of state-physicians. As she had been visibly more prosperous with a debt of a hundred and forty millions than with a debt of fifty millions, so she was

visibly more prosperous with a debt of two hundred and forty millions than with a debt of one hundred and forty millions. Soon, however, the wars which sprang from the French Revolution, and which far exceeded in cost any that the world had ever seen, tasked the powers of public credit to the utmost. When the world was again at rest, the funded debt of England amounted to eight hundred millions. If the most enlightened man had been told, in 1792, that in 1815 the interest on eight hundred millions would be duly paid to the day at the Bank, he would have been as hard of belief as if he had been told that the government would be in possession of the lamp of Aladdin or of the purse of Fortunatus. It was, in truth, a gigantic, a fabulous debt; and we can hardly wonder that the cry of despair should have been louder than ever. But again that cry was found to have been as unreasonable as ever. After a few years of exhaustion, England recovered herself. Yet, like Addison's valetudinarian, who continued to whimper that he was dying of consumption till he became so fat that he was shamed into silence, she went on complaining that she was sunk in poverty till her wealth shewed itself by tokens which made her complaints ridiculous. The beggared, the bankrupt society, not only proved able to meet all its obligations, but, while meeting those obligations, grew richer and richer so fast that the growth could almost be discerned by the eye. In every county, we saw wastes recently turned into gardens; in every city, we saw new streets, and squares, and markets, more brilliant lamps, more abundant supplies of water; in the suburbs of every great seat of industry, we saw villas multiplying fast, each imbosomed in its gay little paradise of lilacs and roses. While shallow politicians were repeating that the energies of the people were borne down by the weight of the public burdens, the first journey was performed by steam on a railway. Soon the island was intersected by railways. A sum exceeding the whole amount of the national debt at the end of the American war, was in a few years voluntarily expended by this ruined people in viaducts, tunnels, embankments, bridges, stations, engines. Meanwhile, taxation was almost constantly becoming lighter and lighter; yet still the Exchequer was full. It may be now affirmed, without fear of contradiction, that we find it as easy to pay the interest of eight hundred millions, as our ancestors found it, a century ago, to pay the interest of eighty millions.'

Montague was a brilliant orator, and in reality possessed of vigorous talents for administration, but always, by reason of his brilliancy, thought to be only showy. There was a general disposition to depreciate him. His bitterest enemies were unable to deny that some of the expedients which he had proposed had proved highly beneficial to the nation. But it was said that these expedients were not devised by himself. He was represented, in a hundred pamphlets, as the daw in borrowed plumes. He had taken, it was affirmed, the hint of every one of his great plans from the writings or the conversation of some ingenious speculator. This reproach was, in truth, no reproach. We can scarcely expect to find in the same human being the talents which are necessary for the making of new discoveries in political science, and the talents which obtain the assent of divided and tumultuous assemblies to great practical reforms. To be at once an Adam Smith and a Pitt, is scarcely possible. It is surely praise enough for a busy politician, that he knows how to use the theories of others; that he discerns, among the schemes of innumerable projectors, the precise scheme which is wanted, and which is practicable; that he shapes it to suit pressing circumstances and popular humours; that he proposes it just when it is most likely to be favourably received; that he triumphantly defends it against all objectors; and that he carries it into execution with prudence and

energy; and to this praise no English statesman has a fairer claim than Montague.'

As a contrast to him was Robert Harley, a man of slow intellect, and a bad, tedious speaker, with 'that sort of industry and that sort of exactness which would have made him a respectable antiquary or king-at-arms.' His knowledge, his gravity, and his independent position, gained for him the ear of the House; and even his bad speaking was, in some sense, an advantage to him; for people are very loath to admit that the same man can unite very different kinds of excellence. It is soothsaying to envy to believe, that what is splendid cannot be solid, that what is clear cannot be profound. Very slowly was the public brought to acknowledge that Mansfield was a great jurist, and that Burke was a great master of political science. Montague was a brilliant rhetorician, and, therefore, though he had ten times Harley's capacity for the driest parts of business, was represented by detractors as a superficial, prating pretender; but, from the absence of show in Harley's discourses, many people inferred that there must be much substance; and he was pronounced to be a deep-read, deep-thinking gentleman—not a fine talker, but fitter to direct affairs of state than all the fine talkers in the world. This character he long supported with that cunning which is frequently found in company with ambitions and unquiet mediocrity. He constantly had, even with his best friends, an air of mystery and reserve, which seemed to indicate that he knew some momentous secret, and that his mind was labouring with some vast design. In this way he got, and long kept, a high reputation for wisdom. It was not till that reputation had made him an earl, a knight of the garter, lord high treasurer of England, and master of the fate of Europe, that his admirers began to find out that he was really a dull, puzzle-headed man.'

On the point here mooted by our author, every one could readily supply illustrations. There are some qualities which the world does not expect to find in one man—above all, genius and application. Consequently, as the man is seen to be industrious, it is always concluded that he possesses no more brilliant qualities. The fact, on the contrary, is, that it is only when attended by application that brilliant qualities ever fully prove themselves; and industry by itself, notwithstanding all school-room lectures on the subject, never carried a man forward in any but the humblest walks of life.

The picture which Mr Macaulay gives of the Catholic Irish in 1689 might almost stir their descendants into a new rebellion against the English, if they were generally to read his volumes. He is scarcely more lenient to the Scottish Highlanders, on whose vices of idleness, thievery, and quarrelsome ness he dwells with gusto strange in a writer with *Mac* at the beginning of his name, while he fails, as we think, to trace the better qualities by which the vices of the Celtic blood were redeemed and relieved. Yet he gives a fair narration of the unfortunate affair of Glencoe, not wholly acquitting William of blame, though the main load is thrown, as is due, on the Master of Stair. We suspect it is about as impossible for a mind like Mr Macaulay's to sympathise with the views of any rude people like the Irish or Highlanders, as it would be for them to appreciate a bill of rights, or the doctrines of a refined political economy. The contrast he forms on these points with Sir Walter Scott, is calculated to be a curious study.

It is interesting to observe in this book how James became a bad king through his earnestness in a particular religious faith, and William proved a good one, or at least a useful and beneficial ruler, in consequence of a latitudinarianism which made him tolerant and a patron of toleration. The suspicions entertained of his soundness by the High-church party lead Mr

Macaulay to give us a rapid sketch of an ancient royal practice now long abrogated. The ceremony of touching persons afflicted with scrofula 'had come down almost unaltered from the darkest of the dark ages to the time of Newton and Locke. The Stuarts frequently dispensed the healing influences in the Banqueting-house. The days on which this miracle was to be wrought were fixed at sittings of the privy-council, and were solemnly notified by the clergy in all the parish churches of the realm. When the appointed time came, several divines in full canonicals stood round the canopy of state. The surgeon of the royal household introduced the sick. A passage from the sixteenth chapter of the Gospel of St Mark was read. When the words, "They shall lay their hands on the sick, and they shall recover," had been pronounced, there was a pause, and one of the sick was brought up to the king. His majesty stroked the ulcers and swellings, and hung round the patient's neck a white ribbon, to which was fastened a gold coin. The other sufferers were then led up in succession; and, as each was touched, the chaplain repeated the incantation—"They shall lay their hands on the sick, and they shall recover." Then came the epistle, prayers, antiphonies, and a benediction. The service may still be found in the Prayer-books of the reign of Anne. Indeed, it was not till some time after the accession of George I., that the university of Oxford ceased to reprint the Office of Healing together with the Liturgy. Theologians of eminent learning, ability, and virtue, gave the sanction of their authority to this mummery; and, what is stranger still, medical men of high note believed, or affected to believe, in the balamic virtues of the royal hand. We must suppose that every surgeon who attended Charles II. was a man of high repute for skill; and more than one of the surgeons who attended Charles II. has left us a solemn profession of faith in the king's miraculous power. One of them is not ashamed to tell us, that the gift was communicated by the unction administered at the coronation; that the cures were so numerous, and sometimes so rapid, that they could not be attributed to any natural cause; that the failures were to be ascribed to want of faith on the part of the patients; that Charles once handled a scrofulous Quaker, and made him a healthy man and a sound churchman in a moment; that, if those who had been healed lost or sold the piece of gold which had been hung round their necks, the ulcers broke forth again, and could be removed only by a second touch and a second talisman. We cannot wonder that, when men of science gravely repeated such nonsense, the vulgar should believe it. Still less can we wonder that wretches tortured by a disease over which natural remedies had no power, should eagerly drink in tales of preternatural cures; for nothing is so credulous as misery. The crowds which repaired to the palace on the days of healing were immense. Charles II., in the course of his reign, touched near 100,000 persons. The number seems to have increased or diminished as the king's popularity rose or fell. During that Tory reaction which followed the dissolution of the Oxford parliament, the press to get near him was terrific. In 1682, he performed the rite 8500 times. In 1684, the throng was such that six or seven of the sick were trampled to death. James, in one of his progresses, touched 800 persons in the choir of the cathedral of Chester. The expense of the ceremony was little less than £10,000 a year, and would have been much greater but for the vigilance of the royal surgeons, whose business it was to examine the applicants, and to distinguish those who came for the cure from those who came for the gold.

William had too much sense to be duped, and too much honesty to bear a part in what he knew to be an imposture. "It is a silly superstition," he exclaimed,

when he heard that, at the close of Lent, his palace was besieged by a crowd of the sick. "Give the poor creatures some money, and send them away." On one single occasion he was importuned into laying his hand on a patient. "God give you better health," he said, "and more sense." The parents of scrofulous children cried out against his cruelty; bigots lifted up their hands and eyes in horror at his impiety; Jacobites sarcastically praised him for not presuming to arrogate to himself a power which belonged only to legitimate sovereigns; and even some Whigs thought that he acted unwisely, in treating with such marked contempt a superstition which had a strong hold on the vulgar mind: but William was not to be moved, and was, accordingly, set down by many High Churchmen as either an infidel or a puritan.'

HOTEL HELOTRY.

'WAITER, this wine is very bad,' complained I the other day, in the coffee-room of a hotel in a popular watering-place, whither I had repaired to give the *coup de grâce* to a London November and a liver complaint at the same time. The allusion was to a modest pint of Bordeaux, wherewith I was assisting the digestion of my *fricandeau*.

'Indeed, sir! I am very sorry. It is the same as is served in the private apartments, and I have not heard it complained of. I'll change it, if you'll allow me;' and the serv^e departed with the repudiated decanter.

I recurred to my indisposition—I was in all the illness of convalescence—and fell to considering whether it was not just possible that the fault might not be with the wine after all. I considered so long that the subject at length swam before me in a kind of mist, till I was called away from it by a voice.

"Waiter."

"Yes, sir," I reply; though how I come to find myself in that reversed position, I must leave to the penetration of my reader to settle for himself hereafter. Attired in an evening costume, with an irreproachable white tie, I am in No. 27, private sitting-room, and in the hotel in which I remember to have dined; for I seem to have retained my own individuality, and have acquired somebody else's into the bargain. I am awaiting respectfully the mandate of an imperious gentleman, with large whiskers and a red face—and hands to match in both particulars—who is looking out for his name in the Fashionable Arrival List. 'Oh, waiter, here; I want to order dinner.'

I suppress an intimation rising to my lips that I am not deaf, and hand the bill of fare. My patron considers, and I respect him for it: what is worth doing at all is worth doing well, even to the ordering of a dinner. At length he makes up his mind, which he conveys to me in the following terms:

'Let me have a curry. You've got some decent curry-powder in the house, I suppose? Well, then, a curry. And then some fowl—Pouly, you know—*Pouly à la Marengo*.'

'Soup or fish, sir?' I take the liberty of suggesting.

'Eh! O yes, of course soup—mulligatawny.' Curry and mulligatawny! mulligatawny and a chicken entrée, thinks I to myself, is rather bad heraldry. Every man is, of course, the natural guardian of his own epigastrum; but there is probably some mistake here. So I deferentially hint that, having regard to the curry, Barmecide may like to replace the mulligatawny by a potage à la Pavillon; or that, if he determines upon both devils, he may perhaps be glad to substitute a brace of wood-cocks for the second pouly.

'Confound you, sir!' is the reply I receive to my well-meant attempt to 'make things pleasant.' 'Do

you suppose I don't know how to order a dinner? I've better dinners on my table at home than are ever served in this house.'

'Certainly, sir,' I respond acquiescently, though I have my private opinion upon the subject. 'Any sweets, sir?'

'Sweets, hey? Oh, of course. Here, some of that.' The gentleman indicates, by means of his finger, a *gelée à la Chartreuse*, which he seems doubtful, I fancy, about committing to words; and turns to continue his search in the *Fashionable Arrival List* aforesaid for — Bullfrog, Esq., at the Pavilion, from Leeds; and I depart to insert in the cook's book the order I have received, with which that functionary seems sufficiently entertained. A man need be forbearing as Griselda herself to be a waiter, thinks I.

'Captain and Mrs Dashuny,' whispers the hall-porter to me confidentially up the pipe, as two arrivals with one portmanteau ascend the grand staircase at this moment, to sitting-room No. 18, which they had written to engage on my floor. Captain Dashuny, though obviously a coxcomb, is as obviously a gentleman. About Mrs Dashuny, I feel some difficulty in coming to an opinion, as she wears her veil down, and only exhibits—which I fancy she does almost ostentatiously—the hand graced by the symbol which affords evidence, *quantum valeat*, of her title to that appellation.

The captain orders an early supper—a *magnanais* of lobster.

'And some champagne,' suggests the lady.

I cannot conceive what it is that brings the Café de l'Europe to my recollection at this moment; nor am I able to say why—but here I am slightly anticipating—I am instructed, the next morning, after Captain and Mrs Dashuny have partaken of breakfast, which includes deviled kidneys and a bottle of Pontac, to present that officer's bill, and signify to him that the rooms are engaged.

I serve my *czeat* as gracefully as I can, but I find the duty extremely disagreeable. A man need possess the vigilance of Argus, and the diplomatic genius of Sir Hamilton Seymour himself, to be a waiter, thinks I.

'Waiter,' ducifies an urbane gentleman in No. 36—who rings his bell tenderly, as honest Izaak impaled his worm, just as I am returning from ordering Mrs Dashuny's champagne—'I think, as to-morrow is Sunday, and we do not like to do anything unnecessary on that day, we should like to order dinner now in advance.'

'If you please, sir.'

'Well now, waiter, we wish to give as little trouble as possible; and as we always take a cold dinner at home on Sunday, to spare the servants, suppose we say a piece of roast-beef—roasted this evening so as to be cold, you know, waiter. Eh, my dear?'

'My dear,' who is opening a parcel just arrived by the train from London, is conjugally acquiescent.

'Yes. Well, now, what would be the most convenient hour, waiter, eh? To give as little trouble as possible, you know.'

I venture to hint, as he has been so considerate as to inquire, that six or half-past—the hour at which the other dinners in the house are about, and the servants necessarily in attendance—would perhaps be the most acceptable.

'Ah! yes, to be sure, I daresay. But as we always go to church in the evening ourselves, waiter, I'm afraid, eh! that would hardly do. Suppose we say half-past four, now: after afternoon service. Eh, my dear?'

'My dear' thinks that half-past four will do very well. No chance of my getting out to-morrow now, thinks I; the considerate family's half-past-four dinner occupying just that interval between lunch-time and the usual dinner-hour which affords my only opportunity for a little relaxation. However, the cool will benefit, at all events.

'Yes, I think that'll do very well: half-past four, then. Waiter, cold roast-beef, eh, with a little soup and an *entrée*, or a piece of fish; whatever will give the least trouble, you know, waiter; and any little pudding or sweet that will be convenient. Yes, thank you, that'll do.'

I am departing hastily, feeling some difficulty in smothering a hearty denunciation of considerate families who claim credit for forethought for their dependents, based upon no sounder foundations than hypocritical professions, when the lady, after a moment's consultation with her lord and master, calls me back.

'This is the very thing, my dear; is it not? So beautifully appropriate! Oh, waiter, can you read?'

Though rather staggered by this inquiry, I recover presence of mind enough to admit myself conversant with the accomplishment alluded to.

'Ah! then, if you'll accept that, and read it, I shall be happy to give it you.' And I am placed in possession of a small work, entitled *A Word to a Waiter*, with a frontispiece representing one of my brethren listening to the good advice of a benign gentleman, who, in outward appearance, might have stood own brother to the virtuous man at my side. Fortified by the aid to my Sabbath contemplations afforded by this incident, and endowed likewise with a similar gift for my under-waiter, which—though the parcel seemed to contain assortments like a stationer's shop on St Valentine's morning, adapted to all sorts and conditions of men—was scarcely as appropriate, being entitled the *Moral Militiaman*, I quit the room.

If such be one of the glimpses afforded him of what passes muster in society for piety, a man need be pure of heart indeed, and liberally endowed with that 'spirit which thinketh no evil,' to be a waiter, thinks I.

Seven o'clock! All the business of the day seems to have gathered into a focus for the purpose of falling *en masse* upon my devoted head. —Bullfrog, Esq., from Leeds, has sent for me to abuse the sherry, because, after his mulligatawny and curry, he finds it hot in his mouth. Captain Dashuny, in No. 18, has changed his mind about the lobster, because Mrs Dashuny thinks she would prefer something hot; and wants a spatch-cock instead, and to see the champagne in ice, for fear of a mistake. The considerate family in No. 36 desire to see the proprietor immediately, because they have rung the bell twice for tea—being desirous of attending late service at St Barabba's—and can't get it; when the house-clerk brings me up Lady Maudner's bill, No. 45, who wishes to depart by the eight o'clock train.

'Oh, waiter! don't go!' observes this lady, as I lay down the bill for her inspection, and am stealing away to attend to the simultaneous requirements of Nos. 18, 27, and 36. 'I always like to go through the bill with somebody'—she has been in the house three weeks—'before I settle it.' With a sigh of despair, which, of course, it is my duty should not be audible—waiters having no more business to sigh than clowns or coryphées—I attend deferentially while 'my lady,' with my aid and that of a double eye-glass, goes through the account. A run down stairs to the clerk, to inquire what 'sixpence paid' on Wednesday-week means, and to find, after much inquiry, that it relates to a gratuity bestowed, by her ladyship's directions, upon a 'turnpike sailor' who had invested her carriage at the door; another journey, because the bill is so exorbitant, to pretend to desire the proprietor to step up, who knows better, and is unfortunately 'not at home'; and half an hour's respectful argument in defence of ordinary charges, which the lady has objected to in the same manner, and paid, every time she has visited the house for the last five years, occupy a profitable three-quarters of an hour, which, but for the fortunate circumstance, that trains, like tides, wait for no man, might have been a whole one.

A man need have the chivalry of Don Quixote, and the patience of Job, to be a waiter, thinks I.

However, it is an existence of compensations; and finding myself somehow endowed—for waiters, with all their opportunities, are no wiser in some respects than their neighbours—with a wife and four children, I go down, when my day's labours are over, at eleven o'clock, to draw my wages; for it is Saturday, as I have said, and pay-day—five-and-twenty shillings a week, and no vails, attendance being very properly charged in the bill.

A man need be as modest in his personal requirements as St Simeon Stylites himself, to be a waiter, thinks I. Courtesy and clean linen; to be as well dressed as his masters, and better bred than some of them; the forbearance of Giselinda, the vigilance of Argus, and the tact of a *diplomate*; good principle enough to see hypocrisy in high places, and not follow the example of his betters, and renounce honesty too; the chivalry of Don Quixote, the patience of Job, and the personal self-denial of a saint—all required, in full play at once, like the fountains at Versailles on a fête-day, for five-and-twenty shillings a week. However, it is education, after all: these are days of progress, and who knows what may happen; for, certainly, it requires not much higher qualifications—and they don't always, I suspect, get as high—to qualify for a cabinet minister, thinks I.

'I've changed the wine, sir, as you desired,' said a voice at my side; and the Ganymede in black cloth stood again beside me. How long he had been there, and whether any further conversation had passed between us, I am not prepared to say. At all events, if I had fallen asleep, I had awakened. I tasted my fresh bottle, found it good, and endeavoured to trace the difference between it and its predecessor without success.

'Is this a different wine, waiter?' I inquired very placably.

'Fresh bottle, sir; the wine is the same. Other bottle not well corked, perhaps,' he added, I almost thought compassionately. 'Can I get you anything else, sir?'

'A pen and ink, if you please.'

And here is the result. *In vino, veritas!*

RINGS AND THEIR SIGNIFICANCE.

It would almost seem as if the love of personal ornamentation had been instinctive in humanity from the very beginning of its history. If man did not bring it into the world with him, he certainly acquired it very soon after he became aware of the necessity of clothing. In some cases, it is even stronger than that necessity; for we find the savage man, who is not inclined to add anything in the way of covering to the raiment with which nature has furnished him, so passionately fond of those things, which are to him what the pearl necklace is to the young beauty, that he often sacrifices his own comfort, and quite as often the lives of others, in order to adorn his tawny skin. It is impossible, we believe, to ascertain how soon the love of ornaments began to manifest itself. Certain it is, that in the very oldest records and representations of human life, we find jewellery, embroidery, and rich colours, betokening the gratification of a natural feeling and symbolising power, or distinction. Not to speak of the evidences which the monuments of ancient Egypt afford of the early development of this passion for personal adornment, we find that even the simple patriarchs were susceptible to it, and had their signet-rings and coats of many colours. Among the Greeks, too, we find that earrings and necklaces were commonly worn by females, long before the hand which sculptured the Medicean Venus had lost

its cunning. The ears of that statue which enchants the world are pierced, and probably were at one time adorned with circlets of gold, such as hung from the delicate lobes from which the artist modelled. Egyptian and Etruscan tombs have furnished us with evidences of the skill which man put forth in the construction of those ornaments that have come down to us almost unchanged in style, and worn then, as now, for mere personal adornment. Go to the British Museum, and you will there see a necklace once worn by a young Greek beauty, which, with its links of gold and its dependent heart, will at once remind you of the one that sparkled on the snowy neck of the captivating Miss Jones at the last ball, at which you were subdued by her smiles. The old fashion of the Greek jewellers seems as enduring as the gold and gems in which they worked. After the lapse of thirty or forty centuries, we can but follow them, and, in most instances, we only do so at a distance.

Of all personal ornaments, the finger-ring is perhaps the most ancient, and has been most extensively worn. How it first came into use, is, of course, a matter which we can say but little about. Its origin is enveloped in the mists of fable; but the Greeks, who, above all others, were such adepts in the management of the fabulous, believed that the fashion of wearing rings on the finger emanated from no less a personage than Zeus himself, and that the first wearer of a stone set in metal was Prometheus. The mighty Thunderer had sworn that the stealer of his fire should be chained for ever to the vulture-haunted Caucasus; but, taking pity on the sufferer, he contrived at once to release him, and to keep his oath, by ordering Vulcan to construct an iron ring, with a fragment of the rock set therein, which, worn by Prometheus, carried out in a very agreeable manner the sentence pronounced upon him. Rings have figured conspicuously at the beginning of national histories, and have been associated with not a few remarkable events. It is said, for example, that when the Saxon king, Edmund, defeated Canute the Dane, one of the fugitive officers of the latter bestowed his ring upon a young Saxon peasant, whom he induced to act as his guide. The Saxon followed the fortunes of the Dane, and became the great Earl Godwin, father of Edith, or Ethelswith, the wife of Edward. Canute's own ring was found, it was supposed, when that monarch's tomb was opened in Winchester Cathedral about a hundred years ago; and when Westminster Abbey was rebuilt or extended in the reign of Henry II., the skeleton of Sebert, king of the East Angles, was discovered with a ruby ring upon the bone of the thumb. It was customary, it would seem, to inter monarchs in their royal robes, and with their signet-rings upon their fingers; for, in many instances in which the tombs of the old kings of England and France have been opened, rings have been found therein. Every one is familiar with the ceremony by which the Doge of Venice wedded the Adriatic, by dropping a gold ring into its waters over the side of the *Bucintaur*, the richly gilded galley which was kept for this great state occasion. We know, too, how much sanctity attaches to the official ring of the sovereign pontiff—the celebrated 'Fisherman's Ring'—the signet of which, impressed upon briefs, was once so much more powerful than the laws of nations or the authority of kings. This ring, an impression of which is given in a curious book recently published in America—*The History and Poetry of Finger-rings*, by Charles Edwards*—bears upon it a representation of St Peter seated in the prow of an ancient boat, holding a net in each hand. It is taken possession of by the cardinal chancellor with great solemnity when the pope dies; the signet is then destroyed or partially obliterated, and it is not restored

* *The History and Poetry of Finger-rings*. By Charles Edwards, Councillor-at-Law, New York. New York: Reafield. 1853.

until a new pope has been elected. Until the fifteenth century, the popes used this ring to seal their private correspondence. Clement VI, in 1264, writes thus to his father: 'We do not write to you or to our relations with the *Bulla* (sub *bulla*) but with the fisherman's seal, which the Roman pontiffs use in their private correspondence.' Mr Edwards, to whose little work we are indebted for some of the facts in this paper, supposes that the official ring worn by the pope is richer and more valuable than the signet one, which is made of steel. He opines, moreover, that it is only the latter that is destroyed. A ring played a conspicuous part in the early history of Islam, as well as in that of the Papacy, the signet of the Prophet having, as is alleged, been dropped by accident into a well, and restored by an angel, who was commissioned to bestow upon it the power of healing.

Readers of English history may remember the story which connected the death of the proud and passionate Essex with a ring given to him by Queen Elizabeth, who promised that when it should be sent to her as a sign of his being in trouble, she would protect him. This ring, as the story goes, was really sent by Essex when under sentence of death, but was kept up by the Countess of Nottingham, who, on her death-bed, divulged the secret to her royal mistress. Elizabeth, it is added, when implored to forgive the author of the cruel stratagem, replied that God might forgive her, but she never could. The ring of Mary Stuart, the beautiful and hapless Queen of Scots, bore, it is said, the arms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and some archeologists aver that it was produced at her trial in evidence of her pretensions to the crown of England. This ring was given to Bishop Juxton by Mary's ill-fated grandson, Charles I., on the day of his execution; and, after passing through many hands, it was ultimately restored to the royal family of Great Britain. It was by the token of a sapphire ring that James VI. was informed of the death of Elizabeth and his accession to the throne of England.

As collars were worn in ancient times as badges of slavery, so a ring was given to the slave when he was restored to freedom. When the Greeks promised to bestow rings upon their slaves, they designed to liberate them; and doubtless the trinket would be worn with not a little pride. It thus appears that in all lands the digital ornaments have been regarded as the insignia of distinction in a greater or less degree. They were sometimes as necessary as they were ornamental; for in times when calligraphy was by no means a common accomplishment even among the higher classes of society, the signet was the only thing by which warranty could be granted, or important and confidential messages authenticated. It is probable, we think, that at one time rings were worn for these purposes quite as much as for ornament; although it is natural to suppose that, when the useful and the ornamental were thus combined, the latter would ultimately acquire the preponderance, and rings be worn merely as ornaments. Thus, as we learn from Martial, the Romans used only a single ring at first; afterwards, they had two or three on each finger; and ultimately, they had their weekly rings, and their summer and winter ones. Roman exquisites of the first-water never wore a ring twice; and we may judge of the extent to which they had come into use among them at a comparatively early period, from the recorded circumstance, that among Hannibal's spoils, after the victory at Cannae, there were three bushels of Roman rings.

The uses to which jewellery has been put have been manifold and varied, apart from its purely ornamental character. The gold-chain of an ancient noble was often his only treasury, and the links were broken off as necessity required. The paintings and sculpture on the Egyptian and Assyrian tombs shew that tribute

was paid in gold and silver rings. It appears, indeed, that coins had once been only of the ring-shape—such money being current among the ancient Celtic races. Specimens of ring-money—supposed, at one time, to be mere ornaments—have at no very distant date been discovered in Ireland and in some parts of Scotland. Gold, silver, bronze, and iron appear to have been used in the ring-formed coinage of Britain previous to the Roman invasion; for Julius Caesar speaks of the rude iron coinage of the Britons, and in the Museum of the Scottish Antiquaries there is a fine silver-chain, discovered near Inverness in 1808, which is supposed to be composed of ring-money. But in the early ages, jewellry was often worn as amulets, in the form of necklaces, bracelets, and finger-rings. The use of these things to avert dangers and misfortunes, or to cure diseases, was common at not a very remote period; and in ruder forms, amulets are still worn by some of the Eastern races. Gems of all kinds were at one time supposed to have a certain talismanic efficacy; but a jasper set in silver was considered to have the greatest healing power. The Gnostics had great faith in jasper-rings; the turquoise was conceived to have the power of preserving men from accidents of all kinds; and Lord Chancellor Hatton presented Queen Elizabeth with a ring to protect her against 'infectious airs.' If the courtier was really learned in the matter of gems, the trinket he presented to the Maiden Queen must have contained an amethyst; for we have Aristotle's authority for regarding it as a defence against pestilential vapours. According to a curious old writer on gems, this stone had a power which might be quite as useful in modern times as that for which it was given to Queen Bess; it enabled its wearer to resist intoxication, so that he might, with perfect innocence, have been a member of any fifteen-tumbler club. It is obvious that our ancestors were very credulous in regard to their jewellry, and that their superstitious notions about it were in great part derived from their medical advisers. The conceits of those worthies—and they had high authority for some of them—were very curious. A doctor of those days without a ring, would have been considered a disgrace to his profession. How was it to be expected that he could prescribe with any hope of success without his talismanic jewel, blessed by a king or a bishop, or containing some efficacious stone—the agate, as an antidote to poisons—the opal, for clearing the eyesight—or the onyx, for the cure of spasms? There seems to be some of this superstition lingering about us yet, for it is not an uncommon thing to see persons wearing what are called galvanic-rings for the relief of rheumatism—a notion not one whit less absurd than those to which we have been alluding.

It was believed by the 'leech' of the middle ages—and the belief is still fondly cherished by the fair sex—that the fourth finger of the left hand was directly connected with the heart by an artery. The effect of this idea was such, that the medieval doctors stirred up their potions with that particular digit, supposing they thereby added to their efficacy; while the ladies are persuaded that by wearing a ring thereon, they wear it next the heart, in which the image of the giver is enshrined. Hence we had imagined the custom of wearing the wedding-ring on that finger; but our maternal ancestors, less romantic, it would seem, than their fair descendants, wore that charmed circlet on the thumb. They did so probably because all the other fingers were covered, for the fourth finger was really recognised as the wedding-finger in the marriage-service, the old ceremony being performed by the priest taking the ring from the bridegroom when he had placed it on the top of the thumb, and removing it from finger to finger as he repeated the names of the Trinity, leaving it on the fourth as he riveted the matrimonial chain with the 'Amen.'

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No one will be offended, we trust, when we mention that the little finger was consecrated to Mercury, whom the learned in heathen mythology insist that we shall remember as the patron of thieves. Mr Edwards tells us, that in America thieves often wear a sharp diamond on the small finger, for the purpose of cutting panes of glass, or, on an emergency, laying open the face of a detective. But we cannot admit that abuse in such a case as this ought to lead to total disuse; and therefore we altogether demur to the inference that there is any connection between the fashion of the American thieves and that which was originated by the supposed patron of their order. Rings have, however, been put to terribly mischievous uses. Thus it was thought, or, at least, said, by old necromancers, that a diamond-ring, or a diamond in any other ornament, when placed under the slumbering head of a husband, would compel him to divulge all his secrets to the person to whom the jewel belonged. This must have been a most dangerous thing; and we are convinced that if Mr Smith had had any idea that the diamond-ring with which he presented Mrs Smith could be used in that way, he would have been at any expense to procure a jewel of a different kind. Only fancy the unsuspecting gentleman being forced to make a clean breast of it—to divulge every little item which he chose to think it was not worth while communicating to his beloved partner, and doing so under the influence of the gift which he had brought home with so much delight on the first anniversary of his marriage-day! The thing is quite monstrous, and were it not that we have the strongest faith in the good sense of our readers, we would not have referred to the notion of those preposterous ancients.

It is said that the infamous Caesar Borgia wore a ring composed of two lions' heads, between which a subtle poison was concealed. When he wished to dispose of a troublesome friend in his quietest manner, he shook him warmly by the hand, turning the lions' heads inwards, and thus inflicting a wound so slight as scarcely to be felt, but quite enough to allow the poison to pass into the blood of his victim. Mr Edwards tells us that, during the late Mexican war, rings were found on the bodies of Mexican officers, behind the stones of which small quantities of poison were concealed—the inference being, that these were to be used, should the wearers have been taken alive. We have heard, too, of practised gamblers wearing movable rings, by which they could instruct their partners what cards to play. All this is very bad; and we gladly turn again to the more romantic uses of digital ornaments.

One of the prettiest tokens of friendship and affection is that termed a gimbal-ring, which is constructed of double hoops, joined together like the links of a chain. Each hoop has one of its sides flat, and is surmounted with a motto or an emblem. The ring is so constructed as to form one as well as two; and in France it was customary for lovers to plight their troth by putting their fingers through these hoops, the lady afterwards wearing them both, in the form of a double ring. It is this form of ring which the old poets describe as a true love-knot, and we believe it is still worn in France as an engagement-ring. The ring seems to have been given as a pledge of affection in very early times; for we find betrothal ones mentioned as in use among the Greeks, and in Eastern lands they are still given by the lover to his mistress. Although there is no mention of rings being used at the marriage-ceremonies by the ancient Hebrews, they are always used at Jewish nuptials now, the officiating minister receiving a ring from the bridegroom, who, on its being returned to him, places it on the forefinger of the bride's right hand, while he repeats words similar to those in the marriage-service of the Church of England. This being done, the civil contract is signed, a glass or vase is broken in memory of Jerusalem desolate, and

a benediction closes the ceremony. Betrothal and marriage rings in the older time were not plain as they are now; all of them had a posy, a motto, or an emblem. Dryden speaks of the mottoes and emblems on a gimbal-ring, when, in his play of *Don Sebastian*, he says:

A curious artist wrought it;
Her part had Juan inscribed, and his had Laydor—
You know those names were theirs—and in the midst
A heart divided in two halves was placed.

The interchange of rings was usual in cases of betrothal; it is still customary, we believe, in Germany and some other parts of Europe. Chaucer refers to it; and it seems to have been a common custom in Shakspere's time, for in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Julia gives a ring to Proteus, and receives one in return. There is a passage in the *Merchant of Venice*, too, which has always interested us, as affording a glimpse of the early and more tender-hearted days of Shylock. When Tubal tells him that Jessica has disposed of a ring which he seems to have valued above money, he bursts out into a passion of grief, and tender recollections force themselves upon his hardened nature. He says: 'It was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor.' We can conceive the Jew treasuring up this trinket with the greatest care, and only parting with it to his daughter as a memorial of her mother. The passage, like Lady Macbeth's remembrance of her father at the moment of Duncan's murder, brings back Shylock within the pale of human feeling.

Instances are recorded in history of women voluntarily surrendering their jewels under the influence of patriotic sentiment. In the years 1813 and 1814, for example, the women of Prussia crowded to the public treasury with their trinkets, and freely gave them up to aid in carrying on the war with France. In Venice, too, during its gallant defence against the Austrians in 1849, jewels of all kinds, some of them of great value, were sacrificed to the public weal; and it is recorded that a certain noble lady, who had parted with all her personal ornaments except a family-ring, proceeded during the last days of the siege to a place of public resort, in order to dispose of it, and had just succeeded in doing so, when she was grievously wounded by a ball from the besiegers. Animated by a like spirit, the matrons of Warsaw sent their marriage-rings to be coined into ducats during the last struggle for Polish independence. So powerful has been the sentiment of patriotism, that even the most sacred and fondly cherished of female ornaments have been cheerfully disposed of.

An ambition to possess relics of great men has sometimes led to folly and bad taste in the construction of jewellery. Thus, one of Sir Isaac Newton's teeth set in a ring was sold for a large sum about forty years ago; and there are, we believe, two rings still in this country in which portions of the ball which gave Nelson his death-wound are set. The taste which lends a value to such relics as these, we are inclined to consider very questionable. Altogether different is the feeling which leads us to prize the jewels that have been worn by those whom we have loved, or to wear them as memorials of the departed. It was a touching proof of the affection which Dr Johnson bore to the memory of his wife, about whom we know so little, that he preserved her wedding-ring with an affectionate care in a little box upon which her name was inscribed. And equally pathetic is that passage in the will of the Lord Chancellor Eldon, in which he directs that his body be buried beside that of his wife, as near to hers as possible, and that the ring he wore in memory of her should be buried with him. Such touches of feeling are not uncommon, though we hear of them only in connection with the names of men who have occupied prominent places in public life. There can be few

more fitting memorials of those whom we have loved and lost than the rings they wore, or a lock of their hair enclosed in such a trinket: in the one, we carry continually about with us something which recalls them to our recollection; in the other, we seem to possess the only part of their being which is not invisible. The ancient philosophers regarded a ring as the emblem of eternity: it is pleasant to connect this idea with the affection of which it is the symbol.

THE IRON MOUNTAIN OF MISSOURI.

In the German newspaper of St Louis, Missouri, called *Der Anzeiger des Westens*, occurs the following notice by a German traveller:—The iron mountain, one of the spurs of the Ozark Mountains, is situated about eighty miles from St Louis, its base being 628 feet, its summit 888 feet above the usual level of the Mississippi. It extends over a surface of 500 acres. We ascended the mountain the next morning after our arrival, and found it covered to its summit with a luxuriant vegetation—a circumstance the more astounding, as nowhere could we find more than one cubic foot of earth covering the iron ground, but in fact were walking along on the naked metal. The surface of the mountain, with exception of the summit and a few parts at its sides, where the iron comes out as a solid mass, is covered with small lumps of iron, from the weight of a few ounces upwards to that of ten or sixteen pounds. These lumps save the miners the trouble of blowing up the solid masses, being quite of the same quality; and coming generations only may set to work at the mountain itself. The American Mining Company, consisting of Messrs Chouteau, Harison, and Valle, of St Louis, are now working a small hillock aside of the mountain; and, according to estimates, thousands of years would be required to exhaust this hillock only; but the iron mountain itself is valued to contain 200 millions of tons of iron. It is impossible to state to what an amount the iron extends beneath the base of the mountain; for when it was undertaken to bore an Artesian well, at the depth of 180 feet they had still to work their way through solid iron, and were obliged to give it up. To the north of the iron mountain is a narrow valley, on the opposite bank of which no trace of iron is to be found. The next mountain consists of porphyry; one more distant, of slate. We had to regret that nobody of our company was learned enough to explain to us those wonders which nature has worked on this remarkable spot of our continent. In the hillock which, as we mentioned, is worked now, some time ago was found a sharp instrument finished all round, and with several holes bored in it; it lay fourteen feet under the surface, buried in the iron. Shall we draw from this fact the inference, that generations of men lived thousands or millions of years before us, and were buried by such revolutions of our world as were able to create these huge masses of iron? The American Mining Company possesses 20,000 acres of land in the neighbourhood of the iron mountain, and although just now there has been only a superficial survey of these lands, still, it appears, that besides the iron, there are copper, lead, and other valuable minerals, in enormous quantities. In the two huts of the company that are at work at present, the daily produce is about fifteen tons of iron, what they call pig iron. One hundred and fifty workmen are employed, besides three or four superintendents. Only Germans are working at the ovens; whilst those who have to cut the wood in the forests are all Americans, being considered the more skilful for that task. Irish workmen are not employed at all, because they are not likely to submit to the rules of the society excluding all drunkenness and fighting habits. [The so-called Iron Mountain is, in reality, a mass of the magnetic oxide of iron, of Plutonic origin, and intersected by dikes of trap, the boulders and gravel of which occur among the superficial débris, and may in part account for the luxuriant vegetation here spoken of. The ore, like all other iron ore, requires to be smelted in order to produce pure iron: it gives this at the liberal rate of 73 per cent. As a Plutonic formation, it is, of course, impossible to say how deeply it extends below the surface of the earth. We venture to assert, that the iron implement here described

as if it had been found imbedded in the ore, was, in reality, only sunk in the spoils of some former, but forgotten working.—ED. C. J.]

'LOVE, SWEET LOVE, IS EVERYWHERE!'

The air is filled with a gentle song—
An under-song of wooing—
As the leaf-enshrouded woods overflow—
With the sound of the ringdove's cooing.

In Nature's deepest haunts,
I hear a voice that chants:

'Why should the earth grow old with care,
Since "Love, sweet Love, is everywhere!"'

Ye will hear at night, if ye listen well,

Music in heaven ringing;

And amid the stars a melody,

As of angel-voices singing:

For the spirits who in the spheres of light

Have made their happy dwelling,

To each other across the depths of space

Their tales of love are telling.

The sunbeams leave their glowing throne,

And whisper love to the flowers;

The birds pourtrit in their strains,

As they sit in their rose-crowned bowers.

When the breeze swells mournfully

Through the boughs of a swaying tree,

I ever hear a voice declare,

That 'Love, sweet Love, is everywhere!'

In the moaning thunder of the waves,

That dash on some rocky shore;

Or the tuneful flow of the ripply tide,

When a tempest's rage is o'er—

In the murmured music of the brook

As it rushes, the sea to gain;

Or the sullen plash on a silent pool

Of the swiftly falling rain—

In the gleeful laugh of the dancing spray,

From some skyward leaping fountain;

Or the ceaseless roar of a white cascade,

In its giant-bound from the mountain—

There fallenth on mine ear

This song so sweet and clear:

'Ah, why should man e'er feel despair,

Since "Love, sweet Love, is everywhere!"'

JOHN CHESTER.

INDUSTRY OF DAMASCUS.

Let us pass through this diminutive old gateway, and we enter a vast covered area, whose shattered roof, dimly seen through clouds of smoke, is supported here by massive pier, and there by stately column. The din of hammer and anvil is almost deafening, and swarthy figures are seen through the gloom sitting on dirty hobs and round miniature furnaces. Heaps of the precious metals, and ornaments of various forms and chaste designs, are by their side, while diamonds, emeralds, and rubies glitter in their hands. Passing through this busy scene, we enter another bazaar, no less noisy. Here are scores of carpenters engaged in the manufacture of the ornamental elegs worn universally by the Damascus ladies. Observe how they work, all squatting. One is planing a board, holding it with his toe! Others are carving pieces of wood, or inlaying them with silver and mother-of-pearl; and while the hands ply the mallet and chisel, the toes do duty as a vice.—*Porter's Five Years in Damascus*.

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